

Today I would like to extend my personal appreciation to Chief Henry Goudy, and I would like to thank him publicly on behalf of all the citizens of Wayne, for an honorable and most distinguished career of public service.

HONOR DUE A HERO

HON. JOSHUA EILBERG

OF PENNSYLVANIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, September 14, 1972

Mr. EILBERG. Mr. Speaker, on October 11 we will celebrate the great contribution made to freedom in America by Casimir Pulaski, who died fighting in the Revolutionary War.

Recently there has been a great upsurge in the recognition of the contributions by "ethnic" Americans to our Nation's history and culture.

However, in Philadelphia we have been aware of the debt our Nation owes to these people who have worked and fought to make America great. Our recognition of Pulaski's contributions dates back to 1897. Traditionally the festivities honoring this great freedom fighter are held on the first Sunday in October so this year it will be on October 1.

At this time I enter into the Record a chronicle of the Philadelphia Polish community's activities in honor of Pulaski. It was written by the Honorable Joseph S. Wnukowski, commissioner of the Philadelphia Department of Public Welfare, and it was published in "Gwiazda," Polish Star, on September 7:

HONOR DUE A HERO

(By Joseph Wnukowski)

Some years ago I did some research on the Pulaski Day Observances here in Philadelphia. It ended in a manuscript, which was never submitted for publication. Now that I need it, I cannot locate the manuscript, nor the notes of my research. And, wouldn't you know it, I need that material now.

For now is the moment to make an appeal to Polonia for participation in this year's Pulaski Day Parade—to make this year's observance of Pulaski Day the greatest ever, a day to add still brighter luster to our Polish image and cause.

Permit me, please, to trust to memory in my presentation of the facts.

FIRST PULASKI OBSERVANCE

Somewhere, I recall, I found a brief reference to a Pulaski Day Observance in 1897. There was no detail as to when, where or who was involved. Perhaps someone's archives or somebody's attic holds the history of that time. It would be a pity if this invaluable information were lost to posterity.

Records are silent as to follow up of such observances until the first years of the new twentieth century, and silent again until after World War I. In the intervening years between the two horrendous holocausts, there appears to have been local observances in the way of parades and the traditional Polish "Akademja" in our local Polish parishes. The largest of these, seemingly, in the Richmond area under the aegis of St. Adalbert's Parish in conjunction with area fraternal and patriotic groups. The route of such parades was faithfully chronicled in

early issues of "Gwiazda", together with participants and speakers on the program. On one such occasion, festivities were conducted on Pulaski Pier, although, if memory serves me, this site was dedicated to Pulaski somewhat later, perhaps after modernization had been done.

It appears that in our own incomparable way of bickering, the growing unity of purpose in the Richmond area's observance and parade was enscinated by local petty jealousies. And then came World War II.

PULASKI PARADE MOVES TO CENTER CITY

Seemingly the Pulaski Day Observance was resurrected in the Richmond area again in 1945, although the records would seem to indicate a difference of opinion among the sponsors and supporters.

It was in 1946—again I wish I had my research notes in hand—that the first Pulaski Day Parade sponsored by Polish American Congress moved down the streets of Center City to Independence Hall. Casimir Przybrowski was the new parade's first Grand Marshal.

The 1973 parade, then, would be the 27th consecutive year of observance of Pulaski Day by Polonia under the aegis of Polish American Congress.

In that time, too, there appears to have been an interesting history of ups and downs. Through the late forties and early fifties, the observance hit its peak with the Pulaski Ball held after the parade and other official ceremonies at Independence Hall, growing in stature to the ultimate of Polonia's social function of the year. With time, the tail began to wag the dog. The parade came to lose its enthusiasm and excitement in the late fifties and early sixties. Bickering again reared its ugly head, and hair-dos and grooming for the Ball became more important than parade participation.

Somewhere in the mid-sixties, under the guts and guidance of Henry Wyszynski, there came a renaissance—a resurrection, if you will, of the purpose and goals of the Pulaski Day Observance. The parade was returned to its prominence and through Wyszynski's efforts and fatigue, even to a position of prestige, so that only a few years later Mayor Tate could say of it: "The greatest ethnic parade of all."

NEW PARADE IMAGE

Wyszynski was not alone. There were many in Polonia—too numerous to mention here—who gave of their time, talent and substance to make the parade into the beautiful spectacle it is.

In this way are traditions built, and culture is based on beautiful traditions. We, of Philadelphia's Polonia, have a beautiful thing going for us in the Pulaski Day Parade and the attendant ceremonies both at his statue behind the Art Museum and at Independence Hall. Many luminaries have graced our podium to add luster to our efforts. This year's guest, Major General Joseph E. Piekiel, Commanding General, U. S. Tank-Automotive Command, Warren, Mich., is no exception.

For the second year, our eminent architect, Joe Nowiecki, is serving as Chairman of the Pulaski Day Observances. His indefatigable enthusiasm is both edification and inspiration to the men and women serving on the Pulaski Parade Committee. His hard work and the hard work of his committee people augurs to make this year's observance the most memorable ever.

I am honored to serve as Grand Marshal. I call on all Polonia to join us in this our Polish cause. Support the parade. Participate in all the observances. Pulaski died for our freedom. Let's use the allowance of this freedom to honor him on Sunday, October 1st.

ARTHUR BREMER, THE COMMUNIST PLOT TO KILL GEORGE WALLACE

HON. JOHN G. SCHMITZ

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, September 14, 1972

Mr. SCHMITZ. Mr. Speaker, today I held a press conference dealing with some outstanding investigative reporting done by Alan Stang of American Opinion magazine. As the article written by Mr. Stang deals with some facts not before made public on the matter of the attempted assassination of Gov. George Wallace, I wish to share the contents not only with my colleagues but with the American public. Mr. Stang is a former business editor for Prentice-Hall, a television writer, producer, and consultant. He has done extensive writing in the past for Mike Wallace's TV program as well as others. Mr. Stang is the author of two books, has a masters degree from Columbia University, and lectures widely in the field of education. The first half of the article is presented here. My esteemed colleague, JOHN ASHBROOK, of Ohio has kindly consented to insert the other half of Mr. Stang's article, titled, "Arthur Bremer, The Communist Plot To Kill George Wallace."

The article follows:

ARTHUR BREMER: THE COMMUNIST PLOT TO KILL GEORGE WALLACE

Assassination is becoming as American as apple pie, to paraphrase H. Rap Brown. Every four years we have a Presidential election, and at almost the same intervals the assassin bursts from the crowds and do their work. In 1963, President John F. Kennedy was murdered. In 1968, the victims were his brother Bobby and Martin Luther King. In 1972, an assassin has come within a spinal cord of killing Governor George C. Wallace, and appears to have ended his political career, at least for a time. Indeed, assassination is becoming so routine that as the quadrennial national insanity approaches, one wonders who will be murdered.

And, as we have seen, the events that follow every assassination have been as formalized as Japanese theatre. Before the echo of the shots has completely died away, before anything whatever is known about the assassin, the "Liberal" press is screeching that he was a "lone fanatic." Somebody "in the know" says he was involved in "no conspiracy." A social worker reveals that he comes from a "broken home." And a psychiatrist explains that he may very well be schizoid, and that he did what he did because he is a failure with girls.

The attempt on the life of Governor Wallace followed the usual script. As usual, "there was no conspiracy." There never is. Arthur Herman Bremer was a "lone fanatic." His mother gave him an inferiority complex. He did what he did to become a Hollywood star. And as usual there is a psychiatrist, in this case Dr. David Abrahamson, who has never met Arthur Bremer, but compares him as follows with the earlier assassins on the front page of the *New York Times* soon after the attempt: "There is a fantastic similarity. This man Bremer seems to have had much the same background. Looking broadly at the political assassin in our history, we see that he has always been a personal failure, an isolated human being, incapable of exhibiting genuine human relationships and possessing extraordinary ambitions that were

out of proportion to his intellectual and emotional assets."

In other words: He's all mixed up.

Your correspondent has since gone into the underground for the facts, with a special AMERICAN OPINION investigating team, and the facts point inescapably to the following conclusions: The attempt to kill Governor George Wallace was a conspiracy. It was a Communist conspiracy. It could well involve agents of Communist China. And the Central Intelligence Agency might have had something to do with it. Here are the facts. Judge for yourself.

THE BACKGROUND

Arthur Herman Bremer was born in Milwaukee on August 21, 1950. He attended Kagel Elementary School, Walker Junior High, and on January 28, 1969, was graduated from South Division High School. That fall he took photography courses at Milwaukee Area Technical College, but dropped out. For a time, he worked as a Milwaukee Journal newsboy. On December 23, 1969, he went to work as a busboy at the Pices of Eight restaurant. A few weeks later, he did not show up. Beginning in March of 1969, he worked Sunday mornings, off and on, also as a busboy, at the Milwaukee Athletic Club. And on September 1, 1970, he went to work at Story School as a part-time janitor's helper.

What does Arthur Bremer think? His boss at Story School was maintenance engineer Timothy Burns, with whom Bremer would talk from time to time. Bremer wanted all property divided equally, Burns recalls. Nobody should be allowed to have more than anyone else, Bremer said. "That's Socialism!" Burns remembers telling him. Indeed, in his living room some weeks after the shooting, Burns told us of Bremer: "He was some kind of Communist."

Then there is Paul V. Peterson, who taught Bremer in high school, and recalls that he was strongly in favor of Socialism. Indeed, says Peterson, the only time Bremer showed emotion was in defending Socialism. In March of 1972, Bremer wrote to Congressman Henry Reuss, asking him to cut the "god-damned military spending" and "get rid of the generals." In April of 1972, he paid \$10 to join the American Civil Liberties Union, founded by the Communists for the original purpose of protecting revolutionaries who fell afoul of the law. On May 16, 1972, the day after the assassination attempt, an Associated Press reporter filed a dispatch which read in part: "A source close to the investigation said F.B.I. agents found evidence in Bremer's apartment that he was allied with 'left wing causes.' The evidence was mostly in handwritten notes scrawled on scraps of paper, the source said." And investigators found an issue of the *Black Panther* in Bremer's apartment. The *Black Panther* is published by the openly Communist Black Panther Party, and for years has recommended the murder of policemen.

Where did Bremer get these ideas? Conceivably during "Operation Jailbreak," when the Communist gang known as Students for a Democratic Society invaded Milwaukee high schools to propagandize and recruit. It is true, of course, that hundreds of thousands of other students share Bremer's beliefs, and yet have not participated in any conspiracy. Unfortunately, however, there is much more.

THE UNDERGROUND

One day in late 1968, in a street outside Marquette University, in Milwaukee, a young man who unfortunately must remain nameless, stood watching one of the endless Communist demonstrations that plague the area. Suddenly, he was hit hard in the head, by whom or by what he still does not know, and knocked to the ground. An automobile door opened. A man picked him up, pulled him in and patched him up. The

man was from the Milwaukee Police Department and asked him to attend a Black Panther meeting, to report on the other people who were there. The young man did. He was asked to attend other Communist meetings for the same purpose, and did so. Then he began getting envelopes, containing money, in the mail. He had become a professional undercover agent for the Milwaukee Police Department. Later, he did the same work for the Federal Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs.

Among his assignments for the Milwaukee Police Department was infiltration of the openly Communist S.D.S. He attended innumerable S.D.S. meetings as a member. And a "three or four" of them he saw a young gentleman he did not know at that time, but whom he now identifies as Arthur Herman Bremer. The undercover agent, a professional police observer, is "positive" of this. There is no doubt whatsoever in his mind. Indeed, on Page 7 you see a reproduction of his original intelligence notes on one such meeting, held in November of 1969, in which Bremer is Number 15 among the participants described.

Among the others, as you see, there were such luminaries as Mike McHale, who was responsible for security at the meeting. McHale has been a student at Marquette and secretary of the Revolutionary Youth Movement II, an S.D.S. faction, and lived until recently at 2001 West Michigan. His telephone number is 342-9549.

There was Art Heitzer, a well-known local revolutionary who runs the Red bookstore called "Rhubarb." There was Peggy Anderson, president of the M.U. campus chapter of S.D.S. There was a gentleman identified only as Dennis, from the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee chapter of Weatherman, the other S.D.S. faction. There was Dismas Becker, a revolutionary Roman Catholic priest.

And there was a gentleman named Mike Cullen. Michael D. Cullen is no doubt the best known of them all, since he was one of the "Milwaukee 14" convicted of publicly burning draft records in that city. He was born in Ireland, and has been fighting deportation for years. He runs an indoctrination center known as the Casa Maria, also in the general Marquette University area. And he has powerful Communist Party contacts. In a recently published book (*A Time to Dance: The Mike Cullen Story*, Messenger Press), Mike explains as follows: "In our times, I see people like the Father Berrigans and the Father Groppis as real people who are making history, who are shaping destiny." Berrigan, of course, is a revolutionary priest. So is Groppi, who lives in Milwaukee, and who, for instance, attended the 1968 Communist Tri-Continental Congress in Montreal where he entertained girl friends.

Cullen explains that his own radicalization began when he went to Mass at St. Boniface Church, and heard Groppi "rap about injustice . . . the poverty of the city and the racism in the schools." Groppi and his pals apparently inspired Cullen to take the lead in the "Milwaukee 14" plot.

Observe that at the time the undercover agent did not know who Bremer was. There was no reason why he should. As you see, he wondered whether the new boy was a reporter from the *Marquette Tribune*, or whether he was a "PCI"—a potential criminal informant. By the next day, Thursday, as you see, he is writing that "if unknown male is PCI," he is "being covered" by McHale. And by Saturday, he is writing that the "new kid not MU Trib. McHale still on trial. . . ."

So Arthur Bremer, the future "lone fanatic"—who never knew anybody nor attended anything—was already getting the attention we are told he so craved.

Notice also on the same page of the notes that someone seems to be making explosives with gas, kerosene, and Duz detergent, and

that the undercover agent writes as follows: "200 to be sent ahead with Crazy Dave to Chicago."

And along these lines it is interesting to note that this same undercover agent, along with some Communist Party members and Mike Cullen, attended an S.D.S. meeting late one night at which the participants were taught how to make anti-personnel fire bombs, the chemical content of which was designed to stick to the skin of police officers to ensure third-degree burns.

Now let's move ahead to an evening in July of 1971, when a federal agent, who also must remain unidentified, followed this same Mike Cullen from Casa Maria to the Midget Tavern on West Wells. The agent later filed a four-page intelligence report. You see that report reproduced on Page 11. As you see, Cullen entered the tavern and immediately joined someone else, who was already seated at the bar drinking beer. The other man "was approximately 21 years of age, stood 5'7", 150 lbs., blond, and wearing dark framed glasses, a white short-sleeve pullover shirt and dark blue cotton wash pants" Cullen addressed him, using as a code name "The Don" or "The Dawn." The other addressed Cullen as "Mister Cullen." They began discussing the newspaper Cullen had brought from Casa Maria. Mike Cullen referred to himself in discussing it. After about an hour, a uniformed Milwaukee police officer entered the bar, and Cullen and his young friend went to the men's room in the rear, leaving the newspaper they had been discussing on a bar stool. The police officer left, and the federal agent took a look at the newspaper. It was a copy of the *Daily World*—official newspaper of the Communist Party—dated September 10, 1968.

So professional revolutionary Mike Cullen and his young friend were reading a Communist newspaper almost three years old!

You see the front page of that newspaper reproduced on Page 11. As you see, there is a picture of the "Milwaukee 14," the most prominent convict among whom is the ubiquitous Mike Cullen. And there is a headline: "George Wallace—The Tell-Tale Record." Indeed, the issue is filled with horror stories about Wallace.

Cullen and his young friend came back from the men's room and continued to talk. Cullen explained that "the Fascists are succeeding at their campaign to breed fear and doubt and distrust among the people," and that "Fascist war-mongers and hate-mongers like Humphrey and Wallace have plans for political prisoner camps for the black people." At this the younger man apparently became excited and said very loudly, "These pigs force the laborers to work for pennies," and force young people to choose between "murdering the third world people in their racist war" or going to prison. Cullen replied that "if I must go to prison it will be for trying to destroy Fascism in this country." He explained that "being arrested is nothing to fear but allowing Fascism to destroy the black and brown is something I fear greatly."

So Cullen was bragging about his own arrest record, in order to convince the younger man that he should not worry about being arrested.

Apparently, they went on for about another hour, discussing the usual Marxist jingoisms and, specifically . . . George C. Wallace. The younger man said he had been reading a great deal but was discouraged, because he wanted "to lead in the action, not just read about it." Cullen replied that the Panthers are very active in the revolution, but they also know the importance of study and reading.

So, what Cullen was doing, as we have seen, was to test his young companion's ideology, to instruct him—and to prepare him psychologically for some unknown "great deed."

And the young man he was preparing was Arthur Herman Bremer. Notice that Bremer was already using a code name, standard operating procedure in the Communist underground.

Intelligence collection is strange work. Things arrive in the mail with no return address, and there is no way of knowing who sent them. The telephone rings and someone whispers information, but you don't know who he is—and you don't ask. An agent posing as a revolutionary reports on another revolutionary for years, and then discovers that he, too, is an agent—and that they have been reporting each other. No one knows anyone else's real name. An agent works with another for years, but doesn't know for which agency he works. Meetings are arranged at night in dark places.

Late one night in July of 1972, we drove slowly into Whitnall Park, which serves Milwaukee. It was dark. It was quiet. Parked automobiles stood silently here and there on the road shoulders.

We passed a parked automobile familiar to my guide. He told us to stop. He got out and walked back along the shoulder to the waiting federal agent who had seen Bremer with Cullen. It was a scene straight from *The Godfather*. Footsteps returned, the doors opened and two men got in. So dark was it that although the federal agent sat next to me I could not identify him now. But I could see that he wore long hair and a head band, and appeared to be a typical "freak." All of this—his appearance and the circumstances of our meeting—was necessary in order to protect his cover.

How a man keeps going in his line of work, I don't know. He expressed disgust for his "style." He had just come from a "pot party" and would have to return soon. He spends all his time in the underground, and said he longs for the day he can quit. He maintains his surveillance and files his reports—about the revolutionaries who are trying to destroy our country—and the reports are filed again and forgotten. In city after city, and especially in Washington, D.C., padlocked cabinets sag with the weight of such files. But, as we all know, nothing much is done. One wonders why such agents are still asked to risk their lives.

He explained that immediately after the attempt to kill Wallace he had realized that Cullen's disciple at the Midget Tavern had been Bremer.

"How sure of that are you?" I asked.

"Quite sure," he said.

I played defense attorney and tried to shake him, but could not. Maybe F. Lee Bailey can. But I doubt it.

"Could somebody have put the idea in your mind?" I asked.

He chuckled. "I've been at this business a long time," he said.

"How sure are you that the other man was Cullen?"

The federal agent chuckled again and replied: "One hundred percent!"

"What did they talk about?" I asked.

"Wallace," he said. "Fascism, oppression—all that Leftwings . . ."

The expletive was incongruous, coming as it did from a "freak."

THE PREPARATION

In January of 1971, Bremer bought a .38-caliber revolver. On September 14, 1971, soon after his meeting with Cullen at the Midget Tavern, he bought a blue, two-door, 1967 Rambler. Jerry Stone, a mechanic at a service station Bremer patronized, recalls that Arthur Bremer's tires were "always bald." Bremer came in twice to change them, and was accompanied by a man Stone estimates as age twenty-four, standing 5'8" and weighing about 150, wearing a brown leather jacket, a pony tail, and "looking like a freak." On one occasion a girl was with them. Bremer's friend had a green, 1960 Rambler, says Stone, which matches the description of a

car Bremer's mother says she saw following him around. The car contained more than three young people, the mother says.

So Arthur Bremer, a certified "loner," apparently spent time with so many people he had little chance to be alone.

On October 15, 1971, Bremer rented Apartment 9 at 2433 West Michigan, within walking distance of the Midget Tavern. On November 18, 1971, Officer John Sworske of the Fox Point Police Department saw Bremer sitting in his car, parked in a No Parking zone on a street in Fox Point, at 9:45 p.m. Officer Sworske investigated and saw two boxes of bullets on the front seat, so he asked Bremer whether he had a gun. Bremer said he had, and that it was in his coat pocket; Sworske frisked him and found the .38 revolver. Bremer said he had been *target practicing*. Sworske arrested him on a charge of carrying a concealed weapon, the charge was reduced to disorderly conduct, and on December 8, 1971, Arthur Bremer was convicted. The police kept his gun.

Fox Point is a wealthy, northern suburb of Milwaukee, a long drive from Bremer's apartment. Why was he simply sitting there, with two boxes of bullets in view? Timothy Burns, Bremer's boss at Story School, told us that Bremer was very calculating. "He told you only what he wanted you to know." And Mrs. Alfred Pemrich, the mother of a girl Bremer dated, says the same thing in almost the same words. So we can be reasonably sure that the presence of two boxes of bullets in open view on Bremer's front seat (in a No Parking zone) was no accident; that for some reason he meant them to be in open view.

An undercover agent tells us that the incident may well have been a test—to determine whether Bremer was willing to be arrested.

On January 13, 1972, George Wallace announced his candidacy for the Democrat nomination for President of the United States. On the same day, Arthur Bremer bought another .38. On February 1, 1972, he didn't show up for work at Story School or at the Milwaukee Athletic Club.

In early April of 1972, Maurice Sarfaty, a Milwaukee automobile worker, and the president of a local gun club, was practicing as usual at the firing range in the basement of Filntrop's, a gun and sporting-goods store. It had to be a Tuesday night, because that is the night Mr. Sarfaty goes there. On that particular Tuesday night he was using lane one. His partner, William Brandt, was using lane five. Sarfaty noticed an unknown young man watching him. He said Sarfaty shot very well. The unknown young man was holding a box of the sort a pistol comes in when you buy it. He also was holding the pistol itself. It appeared to have a short barrel. With the young man's hand around it, Sarfaty could not tell exactly what type of handgun it was. He asked the young man how well he shot, and the reply was, "Not so good." Mr. Sarfaty told him that the reason might be the shortness of his barrel, and recommended that he trade in his pistol for one better suited to target shooting. The young man said he would "hang on to it."

Sarfaty says he was uneasy, because the unknown young man watched him so intently. Brandt says the young man had an "unusual, blank expression."

After the attempted assassination of Governor Wallace, Maurice Sarfaty realized that the unknown young man was Arthur Herman Bremer.

So Bremer, the "typically impulsive, lone fanatic," had already been practicing with his pistol for at least five months; at least since his arrest on November 18, 1971. By this time, he had also bought a nine-millimeter, fourteen-shot, semi-automatic Brownig pistol at Filntrop's.

He also began to attend political rallies and to take extended trips. On March 1, 1972,

he was at a Wallace organizational meeting at Milwaukee's Pfister Hotel. On March 23, 1972, he was at a \$25 a plate dinner at the Downtowner, and at a Wallace Rally at the Milwaukee Auditorium. On April 3, 1972, he was at a Humphrey Rally at the Capitol Court shopping center in Milwaukee. On the next day, he was at a Wallace victory party in the ballroom of the Holiday Inn-Midtown.

On April 7 and 8, 1972, Bremer was registered at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York. On April 13 and 14, 1972, he was at the Lord Elgin Hotel in Ottawa. On the next three days, he was at the Sheraton Motor Inn in New Carrollton, Maryland. On May 10, 1972, he was at a Wallace Rally in Cadillac, Michigan. On the next day, wrote G. C. Thel, Jr. and Dick Barnes of the Associated Press (May 19, 1972), he was reportedly at a Wallace Rally in Landover, Maryland. On May 12 and 13, 1972, he was at the Reid Hotel in Kalamazoo, Michigan, for another Wallace Rally.

The *New York Times* reports (May 29, 1972) that at the Rally in Cadillac, Bremer "sat with a neatly dressed man of about 40. Newsmen familiar with Cadillac said that they could not recognize the man."

In Kalamazoo, Bremer waited all day in his car next to the armory where the Rally would take place. A policeman questioned him, but Bremer explained that he was waiting for a good seat. This time, there were no telltale boxes of bullets in view. When the doors opened, Bremer pushed his way in first, and took the aisle seat on the left in the front row of the unreserved seats—where Wallace would have to pass if he walked out the front doors of the armory. Dr. and Mrs. John A. Bleeker couldn't help noticing him, especially since Bremer wore a red, white, and blue striped shirt, open at the neck, with a red, white, and blue tie, knotted to the Adam's Apple. On Bremer's face was his usual, silly grin. Dr. Bleeker recalls that Bremer applauded only during the musical warm-up, and not at all during Governor Wallace's remarks.

There were fifty to seventy-five hecklers at the rally, banging chairs and shouting obscenities. One of them, a girl who was distributing leaflets, was the only person Bremer spoke to at the Rally. They talked cozily for several minutes. Dr. Bleeker went to see to see what she was handing out. It read in part: "George Wallace is the cutting-edge of the drive to turn America into a permanent military state. . . . Wallace pitches his appeal to phony patriotism and racism as well as 'against taxes' and the 'establishment.' Confederate flags with Nazi swastikas are his trademark. His friends include the Ku Klux Klan and the John Birch Society." *Et cetera* and so on.

The leaflet explained that for further information the reader should write to the Young Workers' Liberation League, in Grand Rapids. That one is the latest version of the Young Communist League, and is under the direct control of the Communist Party. Its head is Jarvis Tyner, the Party's Vice Presidential candidate this year.

"Do you believe this stuff?" Dr. Bleeker asked the girl.

"You bet I do," she said.

"Are you a Communist?"

"Yes, I am."

Her name turns out to be Laurie McNally, she is indeed a Y.W.L.L. Communist, and at last word she was in Florida, hunted by the F.B.I. Once again, she is the only person at the Kalamazoo Rally to whom Bremer talked, which makes 37,695 coincides in a row.

Because of the hecklers, security officials took Wallace out the back door. If they had not, it is possible that Bremer would have tried to kill him in Kalamazoo.

Because of all this traveling, the matter of Bremer's income and expenses becomes crucial. In all of 1971, Arthur Bremer earned \$3,016.44 at his two part-time jobs. By way of withholding, the federal government takes

\$349.85 in income and F.I.C.A. taxes on that sum, which would have left him a total of \$2,666.59. In 1972, as you will recall, he worked for only four weeks. He earned \$315, or thereabout, and the federal government would have left him in the neighborhood of \$287.22. Which means that from January 1, 1971, until his arrest almost eighteen months later, his entire spendable income was \$2,953.81.

Let us compare that figure with what we know he spent in that time, and then make some educated guesses.

For instance, Arthur Bremer's rent on his apartment was \$138.50 per month, plus \$5.00 for the use of the parking lot in the rear, or \$143.50. He rented it for seven months, so it cost him \$1,004.50. His automobile cost him \$795, and he paid for it in cash. The automatic cost him \$114.50. Two .38s, at \$90 each, comes to \$180 even. The fine for his disorderly conduct conviction was \$38.50. Avin Domnitz, his attorney in the matter, says that the amount of his legal fee is privileged information, but he does agree that Bremer paid a fee. Timothy Burns, Bremer's boss at Story School, says Bremer told him after his arrest that legal fees would cost him from \$200 to \$250, and there is no reason in this case to believe that Bremer was lying. Indeed, Burns expressed surprise when told what Bremer's rent was, because Bremer had told him he would never pay more than \$80. So let us compromise and assume his legal fee was \$225.

In addition, Bremer made three trips on the C. & O. ferry across Lake Michigan, on at least one of which trips he rented a room—which cost altogether in the neighborhood of \$40. He flew to New York and back, which cost \$120. He stayed for two nights at the Waldorf-Astoria, where the cheapest room is \$28, which therefore cost him at least \$56. At the Lord Elgin Hotel in Ottawa, the cheapest room is \$15, so his two-day stay there cost him another \$30. Let's assume that his three-day stay at the Sheraton in New Carrollton, Maryland, cost in the neighborhood of another \$45. His two-day stay at the Reid Hotel in Kalamazoo probably cost another \$20 or so. He paid \$10 to join the American Civil Liberties Union. (It turned out to be wasted, because after his arrest the A.C.L.U. refused his request to defend him.) He paid another \$50 or so, when his car stalled last winter. He paid at least \$15 for bullets, and about the same in electric bills.

During the period we are examining, Bremer also bought a tape recorder, a portable radio with a police band, a pair of high-powered binoculars, and an unknown number of expensive cameras. (As I pressed my ear to her securely locked front door, his mother shouted to me through it that Arthur has those cameras in jail.) Let us assume conservatively that this technical hardware cost \$150. Remember too that he had his own apartment for seven months or twenty-eight weeks: Let's assume, very conservatively as always, that he spent \$10 a week for food or \$280, which will probably cause you housewives to guffaw. Adding all this up produces a sum of expenditures of \$3,168.50. And, as you will recall, he had but \$2,953.81 available to spend.

From January 1, 1971, to October 15, 1971, Arthur Bremer had no car and lived at home with his parents. Let's assume they fed him free, and therefore that his only expenses during this period were for clothing, film, carfare to and from both his part-time jobs—and entertainment such as his beer-drinking party with Mike Cullen. Which means that he paid for all this, and, from October 15, 1971, to May 15, 1972, seven months, paid for clothing, beer, film, a date with Joan Pemrich, pornographic magazines—and the gasoline and oil necessary to drive his car thousands of miles throughout the East and to Canada—when he had already spent \$214.69 more than he had.

Let me be the first to suggest that when

Arthur Bremer is paroled, in fifteen years and nine months, he immediately be appointed Secretary of the Treasury. In fact, we can't wait that long. There is nothing in the Constitution to prevent his appointment now.*

Whom are the *New York Times* and its satellites trying to kid? The facts of Bremer's finances are good enough reason alone to assume that there was a conspiracy to assassinate George Wallace.

WHO ARE IRISH AMERICANS' REAL FRIENDS?

HON. LESTER L. WOLFF

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, September 14, 1972

Mr. WOLFF. Mr. Speaker, yesterday, here in the House, many Members participated in a 1-hour special order concerning five men who have spent 10 weeks in a Texas jail.

The plight of these five men has aroused the conscience of a great many Americans, concerned with the rights and liberties of individuals. As was said here yesterday, these men are not hardened criminals, they have no record of violating the law, they have never been charged with offenses against the State, yet they languish in prison.

I think this case represents a gross injustice and I intend to continue my efforts, along with those of other concerned Members of the House and the Senate, men and women of both parties, to free these five Irish-Americans.

In accord with that effort, Mr. Speaker, I insert in the Record a column from Wednesday's *Newsday* written by Jimmy Breslin. I commend its reading to every Member of the Congress:

WHO ARE IRISH AMERICANS' REAL FRIENDS?
(By Jimmy Breslin)

On June 28, Thomas Laffey left his wife, three children and home in Williston Park and flew to Fort Worth, Tex., for a second appearance before a federal grand jury investigating gun-running to Northern Ireland. With Laffey were four others from the New York area, Matthew Reilly, Kenneth Tierney, Daniel Crawford and Paschal Morahan.

None of the five ever had been to Texas before the grand jury began its hearings. The only connection any of them ever had with Texas was a letter Kenneth Tierney sent to Lyndon Johnson protesting the bombing of North Vietnam. Further, the idea of any authority in Texas, from town sheriff to federal government, even discussing the questions of guns seemed ludicrous. But Justice Department people at Fort Worth openly said they were acting after they had received a request in Washington by British authorities asking for help against the IRA. The Nixon government consistently sides with English requests. This is based on the sound theory that the Irish in America are too preoccupied, primarily with blacks, to care. Texas was chosen as the location for the inquiry because perhaps the last Catholic seen alive in the state was John Kennedy.

On the first day in court, defense attorney Frank Durkan became concerned when he found reporters from British newspapers already admitted to the hearing. There had

*As I write, he still must be tried on federal charges.

been no official notification that the grand jury hearings concerned Northern Ireland. Government investigators then swore under oath that no illegal wiretapping had been done in the case. Later, in a brief, the U.S. attorney admitted an "overhear" of one of the defense lawyers. The government said, of course, this in no way prejudiced their case. After that, the government took the position that the "overhear" was an accepted aspect of the case and had nothing to do with current events.

Durkan then inquired about guarantees that the five New Yorkers could not be extradited to England on any possible charges coming out of the investigation. Tierney and Laffey are U.S. citizens, Laffey an Army veteran, and the three others all have filed declaration of intent to become citizens.

The government would take no position on the chances of any of the five being whisked out of the court and onto a plane for Belfast. Durkan wondered if the British newsmen actually were newsmen. The judge, a man named Brewster, became irritated. Mr. Durkan is of the Paul O'Dwyer law firm in Manhattan. The firm which defended the Berrigans. The judge referred to "lawyers of the type who would be sought by persons in serious trouble." The judge also said: "We are not going to make an Angela Davis fiasco out of it." Durkan advised his clients to take the Fifth Amendment in front of the grand jury. All were cited for contempt. Durkan requested bail. Brewster denied bail. He mentions the possibility of terrorists killing the five men. The judge had the five taken to a county jail, where they sat through the summer.

Tierney has a child in the hospital and Eileen Laffey took their oldest son, Phillip, 6, to school for the first time the other day. But before doing so she had to sit the boy down and tell him of the oldest and saddest and most common plight of the real Irish, a man in prison because of a government.

In Williston Park and in the neighborhoods the four others come from, nearly everybody with an Irish name is extremely cautious about any word or deed which might offend constituted authority. They have an irrational dislike for anyone who dares defy authority even by the slightest expressions.

But for months now, Eileen Laffey has been attending meetings of Irish-Americans and screaming about the government of the United States. Her complaints have caused discussion in Irish clubs for the first time about civil liberties and government oppression. Many Irishmen now see the Berrigans in a different light. Paul O'Dwyer says: "It took a loss of liberty by those we know to arouse many Irish. Now they see the most scandalous Justice Department since Harding."

Eileen Laffey says: "Sen. Kennedy and my congressman, Lester Wolff, and 20 congressmen had a meeting scheduled with somebody from the Justice Department and the man called up and canceled the meeting and my husband stays in jail. The Justice Department does whatever it pleases. People in the government steal millions. The Justice Department never catches anybody. All they can do is keep people with no money in jail. Like my husband."

And in Rockland County, the Rev. John J. Keaveney of St. Catherine's Roman Catholic Church wrote a letter to President Nixon which read:

"I'm writing to you about Matthew Reilly, a parishioner being held in jail in Fort Worth. What is disturbing about this to our politically conservative people is that we all heard charges in the media by people we consider 'radicals' that the United States is turning into a police state. We said: 'Well, they deserved it—it served the weirdos right.'